NOTES FROM LONDON

MRS. LANGTRY-THE DALY COMPANY-TWELFTH NIGHT-PUNCH.

teron the regular correspondent of the tribune 1 London, Aug 9. Mrs. Langtry arrived in Liverpool by the Guion steamship Arizona on Saturday, after a quick and good passage, and reached London Sunday evenng. She has spent the week here and begins a previncial tour at Newcastle on Monday, going thence to Glasgow, Edinburgh and so on, I am afraid your expectation of seeing her in America next January will be disappointed. The provincial pur ends, it is true, in November, but Mrs. Langhy's present plan is to take a theatre in London. open it in January and play here during four months. She has been looking at different theatres, and is now considering proposals from more than one manager. It is a proof, I suppose, of the fame Mrs. Langtry has brought back with her from America that London managers prefer to let her their theatres on terms involving a share of the profits rather than, as is usual, for a fixed sum monthly. Attempts have been made to induce her to appear as a star in at least one leading house in London. They will not succeed for the simple reason that Mrs. Langtry bas found it more profitable to manage for herself. She takes her own company to the provinces, will bring it back to London, and will produce her own plays here in London as she has done during her last visit to

been telegraphed over and republished in England. have teld the English public how much Mrs. Langtry has gained in power and ability as an actress, and it is as actress, as artist, that she is now to be judged, and no longer merely or mainly as the most beautiful woman of her time, The renown of her beauty none the less attends her still wherever she goes. I met her on Wednesday at the Healtheries, where Wednesday is the night which is supposed still to attract such members of the polite world as remain in London. Late as it is in the season, empty as London is supposed to be, and is, many of these superior persons are there in search, like the rest of us, of such relief from the fierce heat of the day as the gardens of South Kensington might afford. Mrs. Langtry was surrounded by a comeany of friends with whom she had arrived, and attended by Mo, the Chinese boy of good position, as the American papers tell us, whom she has brought all the way from California. Mo was clad in blue silk, but nobody seemed to back at him. The Chinese department of this exhibition has made the Mongolian a familiar object. As I atmid talking with the lady to whose service Mo has devoted himself, a party of fashonable young men "Mrs. Laugtry, by heavens," burst from the lips of one of them, and presently the usual crowd began to follow the footsteps of the deity at whose feet London for many years laid its most devoted homage. It is the old story. If she appears at a theatre the performers on the stage are neged and eyes and opera glasses are bent on her If she drives, the streets are full of guzers. It suits this capricious creature, whose equipages we have heard were the talk of New-York, to make her way at about Loudon in a smartly-turned-out private Landon thus gets a better look at the face which is thought to have gained rather than lost by its six mouths' contact with the American climate. At the Healtheries, she was the centre of a group in which were conspicuous some of the best-known men in London, a Cabinet Minister among them, and one or two celebrities who are known to find the great charm of womanly society in eleverness of

Mrs. Langiry postpones her return to America with much reluctance and regret. But she is no doubt right in thinking that if she is to reappear in London she ought not to delay too long. Playing here next winter, she will present herself to the metropolitan public with all her American laurels still fresh. I dare say she thinks also-what be gained is worth considering, and that she will not be sorry to present herself before her old friends (and enemies, if enemies she have) in all the splendor world of London society. And with all ber enthuthe greetings of old friends who surround her,

of Mrs. Langtry. I don't know whether they are time, but I know this, that if she tell overboard there's not a man on this ship who would not jump

Mr. Daly's company found, I hear, that " Seven-Twenty-Eight," here produced as "Casting the Beomerang," did not fill Toole's little theatre, and on Friday last they brought out " Dollars and Scuse." This piece appears to be by no particular. author. None is named, nor is there such in its construction or plot which any dramatist of high fame need care to claim as his onn. Such as it is, it sufficed, so the play-bill assured us, to interest American audiences during 400 nights. It is probable that the playing interested them more than the play. Whatever may be the case with the public, the critics are much impressed with the capabriities of Mr. Daly's comedians. One writer has gone so far as to declare in print that the English and French stage have more to leate from these actors than to teach them. The author of that sentiment, usually a judicious and sound critic. has, perhaps, yielded to a friendly wish to be civil to the stranger in a strange land. The prevailing tone of the English estimate of the company is, however, clearly laudatory, while not wanting in discrimination. Most people argue that Mr. James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert are superior by many degrees to their fellow actors and actresses. Mrs. Gilbert's old woman in the present piece must be set down as an almost faultless piece of acting, refined, effective and altogether admirable. Lewis, in a larger part with many opportunities to overplay, keeps well within the limits of genuine He has humor, swiftness and simplicity od, and a true sense of art. Miss May Field of does not occupy her right place in the company. She is an artist not, perhaps, of varied or straing power, but an artist, in whom good take and a pleasing style are con-The friends of Miss Ada Kehan give our that her distressing exhibition of hoydenish vulgarity in the second act must be set down to the necessities of the situation. It is not so. She has only to vindicate to the German Baron to whose son she is engaged that she is not a desirable daughter-in-law. This simple problem tan be easily solved without those antics of a crasy rustic, and without the display of legs to wall h Miss Rehan treats us. It is long since anything so bad has been seen on the stage, as it is a harryque of comedy. If Mr. Daly will tone down

has improved the last two acts of Acalcoho and now plays the steward and his miseries in a less melomatic and tragic key. The letter-reading scene is drawn out beyond reason and far beyond any warrant to be found in text or stage directions, supposing the latter to be authoritative. Pray take: e acker, Mr. Irving. As it is now, your point misses the when delivered because your audience have long since anticipated it. The facial play of the last scene of all, with its suggestion of overstrained contempt and real dignity, is as fine as anything Mr. Irving has done. Miss Murion Terry has been playing Viola for some ten days, having undertaken it almost literally at a day's notice on account of her sister's illness. Her renearsals have been done in the face of the public. In these frequistances criticism may well be lenient, but Miss Marion Terry's rendering has enough character and charm to be judged on its merits. It is not without reminiscences of her sister's business and nethods, is desicient in force, and less vivacious and eparking than the original, but intelligent and Compathetic throughout. I should say it is quite Dogs mostly, - Boston Post.

Mess deshan and modify Mr. Otis Skinner, " Dollars and bense" ought to draw for some time to come.

I saw "Twelfth Night" yesterday. Mr. !rving

the best thing she has done. The play as a whole does not improve, none of the subordinate characters mending by practice, nor does the want of sustained dramatic interest and coherent purpose seem less evident. In the costumes and mounting of the play there is one very striking and curious mistake. Mairolio, as we are expressly told, is made by Maria to wear yellow because it is a color Olivia detests. Yet Mr. Irving has put Olivia's handmaidens and her furniture and hangings into yellow. At times the scene is what Mr. Whistler would call an arrangement in yellow, which Olivia would not have endured.

Miss Ellen Terry has been not only seriously but dangerously iil. I believe the blood-posoning from which she has suffered had nothing to do with vaccination, as people and the papers said. She was ill for a week before she aban coned her part, and has been ever since in agonizing pain. Yesterday she was able to drave out and is no longer in danger, but the doctor will not

hear of her playing for another fortnight. About this time Panch is worth observing. It is not always an amusing periodical, but it is informing, and when Teaniel is at his best the kernel of English politics is to be found in his cartoon. He has been three time at his best in as many weeks. Once when he showed us Lord Salisbury stuffing his cornect into the muzzle of a sixty-ton gun labelled Public Opinion. Once when he drew the flock of coronetted sheep (not swine) rushing violently down a steep bill, & salisbury at their head, a few prudently seampering off, faces not visible. And now I peed hardly say how great the curiosity here is to-day with the title "The Old Lion Aroused" to see Mrs. Langtry again on the stage. The the lion bearing the face of John Bright, and hav-American press, many of whose criticisms have ing set his foot on and crushed out of shape the coronet whose strawberry leaves interspersed with pearls denote the wearer to be a Marquis. G. w. s.

THE HERKOMER ART SCHOOL.

ITS FIRST SESSION CLOSED-THE WORK ACCOMPLISHED BY THE PUPILS.

FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE. | L. Show, Joy St. The first session of the Herkomer Art School at Bushey has just come to an end. The scheme of study which was described some time ago in a letter to Tits. Tathe we and which was freely criticised and discussed in the art, world, at the time has passed successfully through an eight months' trial. The special features of the system were so unlike anything to which the public not only in England but in many parts of America, as threatened weeding out of those whose prospects as artists were uncattsfactory has taken place. have left the school because they themselves felt they jorny have been kept, in some cases because the wished to continue, in others because Mr. Herkome thought they had not yet had sufficient chance, that their development was slower than that of ineir fellow sudents, and that next year they would in all proba- will tie knots in Carl Schurg's long, suppery legs if they their development was allower than that of their fellow bility produce much finer work.

The first difficulties the students encountered resulted from the light of the studios. It was so subtle and so extremely difficult to paint in, that the first month was disastrons for all. Still, feeling that, as Mr. Herkomer told them, if they could paint in that light they could in peculiarities of each studio save the angle room which is despairingly termed the "torture" room. This room | exhibition of manners. with a double top light of sleping and flat ground glass projects into a triangle entirely fenced in with ground glass from floor to roof, and the nude figure entirely surrounded by light has to be painted in it during all woman would not !-that the personal triumph to the changes of daylight as the sun strikes it from meruing till night. Severe rules were made as regards atcase has Mr. Herkomer found it necessary to enforce of the loveliness which first dazzled the weary them. He speaks with evident admiration and satisfact tion of the energy of the students, of their efforts to siasm for America, she can hardly be indeferent to keep up their work day by day, in winter from 9 a. m. A passenger of the Arizona tells me a story of the voyage which may, perhaps, be retold. As the never once been broken by quarrels, directions or any ship neared port a group of men were discussing thing approaching discourtesy or snobbishness. In the temperature their fellow-passenger. Said one of them, "Well, winter there were musical evenings and tea-parties lowing extraordinary inscriptions only last week: before 1 came aboard I had heard hard things said among the students, more recently there have been please; each Saturday all the students have dince with Mr. Herkomer, and in addition he has encouraged

and helped them to form a library and newspaper room Mr. Herkomer's great point throughout has been to develop a spirit of true art, to rescue his studen from the monitony and the preclimical and just at develop a spirit of true art, to rescue his students from the monotony and the mechanical and mart stic tendency of the English school, and to make them understand what is artistic. They easily under-tand when anything is correct and right and measured, but he would it difficult, more especially with the ladics, to make them understand what is artistic. The peculiar type of work laid down has proved most wholesome as a grammatical training the time studies have kept up a certain amount of excitement because no exceptions have been made as to the time of leaving off, and the personal criticism addressed to each student individually, though before the whole class, work; admirably A few strong students have established a type of work which others have followed to some extent, and this may be taken as a gauge of what will be done.

Mr. Herkomer is especially pleased to find the studies of each student so varied that he cannot always tell himself who has done them. On that fact he bases his future hopes of the success of the school. Little personsities are encotraged but Mr. Herkomer has never

last lew months. In no school perhaps have the stu-dents grown so utterly downcast and depressed over their work, but this their president considers a most wholesome sign as it generally leads to the determina-tion to grind on until their ideal is reached. The spirit of the school, Mr. Herkomer says, is per-fect. He predicts, although the school will always be small that in five years, if the personal aspect of things and all else works as well as it has done so far, it will be the leading school of i grope. The success of

I be the leading school of thrope. The success of thool so far is remarkable—the more so in that at

the school so far is remarkable—the more so in that at urst it was merely a private andertaking the money for the school building being provided by the guardian of a young lady anxious to study under Mr. Herk uner. The specimen gallery, to exhibit some works by artists of the present day, has been well supplied throughout the session in kindly response to the president's request. In addition the students have paid many visits to the art galleries in the metropolis, and their studies have been further relieved by learning etching in their spare time. Many of them learned the whole process and produced stchings by themselves in Mr. Herisoner's workshop. Next year probably the public will have an opportunity of judging of their have an opportunity of judging of their

A STATUE OF GEORGE SAND.

A STATUE OF GEORGE SAND.

From the Landon body News.

M. de Lesseps came forward at the unveiling of the statue of theory and at La hatre, in herry, he was an unjust of the Academy to provide at the corresponding to the statue of the Academy to provide at the corresponding that body was criticised by some no academical speakers for excit ding literary ladies from the two scene on tents, and for refusing to some a deputation to the L. Chaire or commit. M. selesseps, who delivered the closure spaces, and to refusing to some a deputation to the L. Chaire or commerce, and the head form the order and successing the context of the con novels, is not visible from the house.

A Boston doctor cures black eyes. This is a

Enquirer asks: " What, do insects live on ?

BROADWAY NOTE-BOOK

MEN AND THINGS, THE COUNTRY ROUND. THE PERSONAL NOTES AND NOTIONS OF A BROAD-WAY LOUNGER.

Judge David Davis went to Illinois and every member of the bar both drank and gambled. He made up his mind to do neither. He interred them all tenderly. "Ben" Woolf, of Boston, has written a new play for

Florence, to be produced this fall. Woolf married an interesting leading actress, Josephine Orton, years ago. He wrote " The Mighty Dollar," which everybody tried to write down but which laughed itself right up for the space of nine years.

The Reform movement in New-York has about settled down to the great stoic philosopher, H. White, and in Boston to old brother Mouroe, whom " man delights not, nor woman neither," and thus bears a slight resemblance to Hamlet.

Judging by the last literary performance of Grover Cleveland, he may one day write jeditorials for The Hurruld, when his mind is quite gone.

The average lord asking silly questions around our watering places in summer, and having a female umbrelia attached to his arm, reminds us of what we may come to when England has used our reform editors for nozzles to extinguish all our furnace fires.

I did not like that remark a lady made on the plazza bout one of my long, thin and bald-headed friends. She said he looked like a hickory nut attached to a porcupine quill, such as are used for pen wipers.

I hear that George H. Butler says he won't vote for his uncle Ben but will support Blaine.

And now Brother Bowen, of The Independent, each Mr. Cleveland. The tripartite covenant is rapidly breaking up. But it is not modest in Brother Bowen to want the Democratic National Convention called to give him an absolutely pure candidate to vote for. Such a conscience as his is too expensive.

The Prince of Wales has declared against Mr. Blaine At least he smiled at the Duchess of Cieveland. news will thrill the Lubden Club and the American Tory

band apparently on the fence and better than other men, "I tell you that his letter to Indiana makes every woman In this country a Blaine man" Pshaw, madame, it was Having satisfied themselves that General Logan was not as classical a wri or as they were suspected by them selves to be, the Democratic editors who all vote the lie

publican ticket "on the sty," are now copy!

"John," said a wife at the Congress Spring to a hus

leveland's and sentences in their copybooks with their tongues out as far as their ears. About all there ever was of Grover Cleveland was on a fly, by Republicans. The mobanes has now me few dutes with their wings stock together, much

#There exists in Albany some suspicion that Danie Manning is the missing helf

to get out, units to be easen, for award to separate

Canada is determined to have Cleveland. So bilier muda. All the nabanes are solid for him. St. Helens is beard from in the same tone of stern command. But he

eatch him out there. The fruits of his statesmanship for Missouri were the James boys.

If my name was Vilas I would not accent it hard, even poor muddle-headed Governor of his selection to rule over Barataria. Also the tender Hendricks, who reany, they persevered and are now reconciled to the piled that even a Vice-President had his uses, because his

Come in here, you proftical old Democrats, and don't be spoiling your sous! Give the boy another chance! For a whole generation you have made a gallant fight against fate and Providence. It is too had to spoil it all by serving as the kite tail to these few giddy dudes. If any part of the Republican party is to absorb you take the

Ever since Gall Hamilton debated his own issue with Mr. G. W. Curtis has been a conspirator. It is awful to answer one of these intellectual men. Beneatly his bloodless check broads all the supersensitive treasurs

Dr. D. S. Evans, of Paretteville, N. V., capied from a

A native of Quelice And wife of Charles McKefrnan, Generally known as Joe Beef, Died Sep. 26, 1871, Aged 26 years, a dear husband and 4 small children to

mourn her loss; Besides a kind mother and 6 loving sis-ters, one in particular, her besom friend Mary.

Here I lie at rest
With my darling babe upon my breast.

ith my darling babe upon my refrom all cartaly care leave a busband and four orphan babes to mourh a mother's loss. She will hever return his let that which you see, he the tree of flutry, it is stead never let the tree of bigstry intel between them and me. For when they die Here I wish them all to he, another's prayer.

It's a mother's prayer, For they was once a mother's care."

*Frank McKelrnan born 14 Feb. 1878
Died 26 July 1881, aged 3y, 6mos 12 days.
*Freddy dear you are here alone,
Johnny wants to know from little Joe
Where do you now stay
Or where do you round,
For the little boys do you play.
For the little house,

Still waits for you at home. Joe Beef, Montreal This is the compution of calcure we shall all come to when we are perfectly anglicized by the use of the British

American tourists in it. When the Yankees stay home

the Canadians chew gum.

The ladice at Samtoga this summer wear white dresses generally speaking, changed of eventures to black stik. Beaded jerseys are frequently seen of a black color. The style is gradually changing from high-necked dresses to low open dresses without illusion and arms ninly concealed. There are few masses who make much supression, the married ladies carrying away the pasof beauty. Adventure-ses are almost extinct, the hotels having frozen eld gangrened nuisances out. Hence the diamond merchants growl. Since Jake Dreicher made some big sales in those directions he has competitors it the off-color necklace stones. Diamonds are getting too common on the washerwomen, and pearls, opals and moonstones are coming into favor. Black stockings are seconing obsacte. Big hair-pins such as would throw hay on a haystack are worn through the tresses and are used to play mammery-peg with up at the indian camp. Pottery adorns the village streets.

It is said that Mr. Vanderbut ochaved queerly when he sold Mand S., avowing for awhile that there was a stratagem to get his fast mare from him, and goestp says that he visited her stable and put his arms around her neck. Yet she was end and Mr. William Turnbull made the sale, coming to New-York from Saratoga for that purposs.

Robert Bonner, Mr. Turnbull says, feels the extraction of a small check like \$10,000 but little. He gave \$:25,000—I think that was the figure—to build Dr. Hall's great Presbyterian church in Fifth-ave. Mr. Bonner speaks with a North Irish accent. His genial publications are a standing Nemesis to his namesake, Bishop Booner, who made it so warm for the Marian mariyrs. Here is a man who can buy all the fast and costly trotters in the country from the profits of a story paper, and yet we say we have no literature. Sylvanus Cobb, jr., may have been a man of great good sense. It has to be remembered that Greene, Marlows and the rest thought Shakespeare was an impostor. The man who wrote the papers. One our continuous to the sale and a certain price a fixed amount of the water for a period book. Cervantes was marely noticed till the French Ambassador to Spain began to ask about him. A voluminous of years, and he afterward commuted this into a purold ink-consumer named De Vegu bossed the clique at chase of the stock. There are 10,000 snares, occusionally that time. Honest old Cervantes probably thought him- sold in the market at about 25. The prices charged for atten ! Cobb taught patriotism. The first purpose of his | of Saratoga water.

stories was to make his readers love and suffer for their Was that man a failure and to be snee who impelled with the spirit of his tales probably a hundred thousand soldiers into the field to prevent secess and slavery, and who made the publisher rich who now owns Edwin Forrest, Rarus, Dexter and Maud S.I He who works for the many instead of the few is the great teacher. Defoe seldom wrote anything very fine, but who would not have felt himself blessed to have written

long, rambling and vararious Robinson Jrusoc 1

Dr. Goldthwafte said to me last Wednesday: "Surgeons do not trepan with silver plates now. It went out of fashion before the close of the silver plate business on people's front doors." Said I: "I suppose the doctors fees have so increased that the patient cannot afford a stiver plate in his skull but keeps it in his hand." It that the little boy, a son of Dentist Clifton, of Waco, Texas, who was trepanned with pieces of his own scalp, came down-stairs at the Grand Union Hotel, Saratoga, last Tuesday, having been confined to his room only a fortnight or so. Yet this boy, run over by a pair of horses, was bruised from head to foot-had a broket collar bone fand a jaw dislocated and a piece two inches square taken out of his skull. Dr. T. H. Burchard. of the Believue College faculty, a son of a New-York City alergythan, performed all the operations, and the little life Biggering like a stranded jellytish is now in the land of skeletons and its little brain is closed up again by na-

Mr Nast's cartoon of Blaine drinking from a well t, of water only, with a bag at his feet in twenty years a tectofaler," may well make the Pro-ibition people stop and reflect at the unscrupulous means being used to excite the liquor interest against a man who has made temperance the companion of his life For preserving his brain, nerves, habits and example he sheld up to scorn by a man who would have mocked Inthese days, too, saving: "if thou be the true Sencoundown, from that cross," More unscrupulous rascality at American journal long dependent on the moral and re to use drunkenness and drankards as weapons to de stroy a stafesman. Mr. Blaine must be beaten because the only albes left for the hypocrites to unite with.

The cannibals who take care of the Free Trade Iscariare hearing from Maraham and other Arctic explorers in Europe. But what can be expected of a paper with no other purpose than to be out its own country, and prof ship sometized to do it! The two-cent revolution was the attempt of Nero to cut of the heads of all the other newspapers in the country. It will make a beggar of it greely attempter, and the red flag of the auctioneer will

treasury for as grains of corn in a superrecked turkey's interior. No man in had beaith and without a country has any business to be an editor. Fire, cheerful health

to at the state of the change days of his company, who can be seen any truth whatever can come of the charges

and professional acti respect talex remater Stockton, New-Jersey He was Minister to Rome under President Buchasan, and his father was the naval conqueror of the Pacific Ocean for the Americans and author of the public words of New-Lorsey. The original Stockton possesse If I spotted my elecution. It was a Vilas who notified our | him from his large and growing railroad and court prachad in her youth, and their daughter shows the maiden superior sometimes died. The wish was father to that | modesty and high breeding natural to this old and parriotic family. Commodore Stockton gave his son at marriage forty acres of land at Princeton on which he built a residence. It is now occupied by the plain sentleman, a native of the vicinity, who gained a great fortune in New-Orleans and applied most of it to found a university Me somekton is one of the quietest men in country, industrious and serious, working for his femily like one of the poor men of the day, smiling at times infeetiously, listening to young men with armpathy, gentle to women. But he is so little of a dramatic man that it ging a sapling after him, if he liked to come up on imes years before those who know him tones the chord which brings out the nature of the man, in whom the Quaker emigrant and the naval Commodore seem to simmer harmonionaly.

James O'Brien, ex-Sheriff, bet \$5,000 to \$1,500 last week that Cleveland would lose the electoral vote of the State of New-York. I told him later in the week that a person had offered to bet \$1,000 that New-York would go

party which did not develop him and stamp him out. great deal of the old bureaucratic material at Washington street corner under my window, uttering in a dreary the public officers are under open social obligations to the revenue-payers.

Said William Turnball, a native of Scotland: " I am for Mr. Blaine because he believes in an American policy, a couplet is prefaced by a summons to listen, as for foreign policy, the want of which has often made me instance, at 9 o'clock. blush in England when my country was criticised.

tine of the best-looking wedded couples at Suratoga is ex-Congressman Dugro and wife, of this city.

John O. Evans, who was one of the greatest confract ors under this Gove, nment, and who died a few years ago, left not only his wife independent but his parents and his brother, and left the latter to live with and look after the old people, as he is still dwing at Fayetteville,

I have been part of the week in Canada. The American Presidential candidates are put up in every lie American news is the preservative life of Canada, giving them something to think about sesides religious quarrels Canada is paying expenses this year; there are some and the royal family. The most royal ambition of a married tourists in R. When the Yankers stay home Canadian girl is to marry a successful American. On the other hand, it must be said that the successful American might go further than the Canadian girl and fare worse.

> "Sam" Hunt, of Cincinnati, Democrat, says he is afraid the Republican party is not disintegrating as fast as it might.

> Dr. Byron Sunderland, of Washington, long Chaplain to Congress, was at Saratoga last week, looking the enthustastic little champion of right he is. His daughter Rosa is

The proprietor of the Excelsior Spring, a mile above Saratoga, a Quaker, was drowned in Lake George, this spring has made money for several years, having been the first to put the water on draught. The Geyser Spring is incorporated and has a large sale, but has not paid div deads. Last year but one the Congress "pring past 3 per cent or \$30,000, on a capitalization of \$1,00 The Star Spring is owned in Boston. The Empire water is peddied all through adjacent Vermont and New-York wagens. The Hathorn Spring was in debt \$105,000 eight years ago, and is now next to free of mortgage. Its owner is Mrs Hatnorn. Her husband, who directs it spent \$650,000 in putting up the Congress Hall Hotel and it afterward sold for \$125,000. This spring is forty feet vertically down and tubed with maple wood. The aid Flat Rock Spring nas resently been retait water is sold under the Grand Union Hotel at five cents for all one can dring. The Saratoga Vichy water has a good sale and shows that a genuine alkaline water, if such could be discovered in this country, would possibly dispossess Saratega. Gout is increasing rapidly in this country and attacks those of temperate habits. It is now believed to be a disease of beef-eaters and of people oppressed with care or deep preoccupation, whether from The Congress Spring was originally bought by Mr. Sheehan, who married the widowed daughter of Dr. Clark, for something near \$220,000. Its chief competitor was the Empire Spring. with which it was consolidated on the basis of \$300,000 for the Empire and \$700,000 for the Congress. The former was controlled by a paper manufacturer at Rock papers. Old Mr. Stultification thought he had killed that | City. Hotchkiss, the gun and shell man, agreed to take seif De Vega's, inferior. Sylvamus Cobb, jr., made more money for his publisher than any American author. Is literature that which the great multitude improve by, or is it the private property of a few authors and their paraBLACK FOREST SCENES.

FEATURES OF OUT-OF-THE-WAY SUABIAN LIFE.

[FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE TRIBUNE.]
No Use NBURG, Aug. 5.
While all Europe is trembling in its boots about the cholera, and while those whose misfortune it is to be obliged to remain in town during this season's unusual heat are deploring their wretched lot, many are the charms of a cool deep valley in the heart of the Schwarzwald, hidden from the outer world by ranges of pine-clad mountains, and far removed from all the discomforts which render August in town insupportable. Nenenbiling is not quite as old as the hills around it.

but it has, nevertheless, a very respectable antiquity.

for the other day we had a disting ushed archaeologist up here from Stuttgart to view a ruin recently unearthed on the neighboring mountain top, and he unhesitatingly pronounced it portions of a structure antedating the Christian era by a century or two. With such venerable relics as this to boast of, it were superfluous for Neuenburg to go further and point out her other old castles, now in ruins, dating back to the Roman occupation; or her hill-side cemetery with its inscriptions only seven or eight centuries old; or to the various camp-grounds or battle-fields in the vicinity, where at successive periods Romans, Saracens, Cossacks, Austrians, Swedes, French and English have tented and fought. You feel here that you are on historic ground, and that the very air you breathe is freight ed with traditions. In the course of a all yesterday at what is called the " New Castle," overlooking the town, I remarked how much comfort and attractiveness can be imparted to the interior of an old-time mansion. "Oh! this we consider a modern house," said my host smiling: "it only dates back to 1650 or so." The railroad and telegraph came to Neuenbürg some years ago, or rather came to its vicinity, for to take the train one has to walk fifteen minutes out of town. If I want to send a telegram from Nenenblirg, I go to the post-office, opposite my inu, ask for a blank, write my dispatch, hand it in at the window, and pay for it there; but, bless you the dispatch doesn't leave for perbaps an hour or two later, until some postman happens to be going out to the railway station with the mail; he takes it and hands it to the operator there, who, in turn sends it to Wildhad, whence it is in turn repeated to Stuttgart, and from there forwarded on its way to the point of delivery. How does this method of telegraphy strike a New-York stock-broker! But then, people in the Black Forest are seldem in a Some years ago Neuenburg became a midway station on a little single track railway leaving the Transcontinental route at Pforzheim In Baden, and following thence the toctaous windings of the river Entz for a distance of fifteer ies up to the renowned bathing town of Wildhad Before that, for a hundred years or two, stage history of Wildbad that in one season away back in the last century nearly every royal house in Europe was represented among its cure-guests. staging would not suit the fashionable Wildbad visitors of to-day. The railroad, cutting through hills and jumping valleys, brings them from Pforzheim to Wildbad in less time than it formerly took to reach the first village on the road.

Nenenburg is by far the levellest spot in the Enta Valley. Take a letter D, let the perpendicular represent the railway tunnel, and the curve the valley and the river. In the inclosed space, on a high peak, is the castle, while along the curve, on both sides of the stream, stretches the compactly built town. From the outer amphitheatre of hills, covered with a dense growth of ancient pine and laid out in broad footpaths provided with benches at con venient distances, the view of the town, the stream and the valley all far below, and of the epposite height, crowned with its stately eastle, is a picture to be remembered for a lifetime. Even these people who see it every day of their lives seem never weary of admiring it. Upon the mountain there the other day, I met a woodentter, leading by the hand his little boy, a chubby, flax-pated chap of six or seven years. Our ways led together for a while, and as we walked along under the cool. delicions shadows which gave a half darkness even the mountain and help his papa. Perhaps my Ger man accent was not Snabian enough for him to un derstand it, but als father understood me at one and answered: "I like to bring him with me; he can climb like a cat, and it makes him strong and free;" and then, after a nause, be added; " And he can strengthen his soul, too, with that view below there; it will make him a good man.

for Cleveland. He promptly offered to take the bet. The tide of travel and the progress of civilization have as yet brought little change to the simple. old-time life of the people in this region. They A simusaler and defrauder of the revenue laws in bust- maintain the quaint religious observances of their tess may always be relied upon to destroy the political appeators, observances which smack of the Puritan days or the times of Luther. Often in the dead of stead of "civil service reform" we want to get rad of a night I am awakened by a sepulchral voice at the without any examination at all. It nodes no good when monotone some unintelligible words. It is the night watchman calling the hours, and reciting for each an ancient couplet calculated to arouse the hearer to a sense of his spiritual needs. Each

"Hort thrisute; hast each sagen. "" W Unse e thock hat near thr sentagen;" a similar introduction being used in all cases

with the substitution of the hour which has just struck. All of these couplets are extremely quaint and carious, but I reproduce only two more of them here samples. Fer instance, after announcing as above that 10 o'clock has struck, he continues:

"Zehn fromme waren wicht Dorr bei Sodo o's strafgericht;" a pointed reminder to the worthy burghers of Neuenburg that it may require now, as in Lot's time, ten righteens men to save their city. And again at midnight, the chance sojourner in Nenenburg is aroused to a solemn sense of the shortness and uncertainty of human life by hearing the

"Z soff stand hat cin geder Tag Wer were wonn man sterben mag !"

ghostly voice exclaim;

The other verses are all of the same style and to The other verses are all of the same style and to add to their impressiveness and pathos, the man who niters them is. I am informed the village grave-diager. Yet, for all these reminders of Old Mortality the race of Neuenbirgers does not seem disposed to die out rapidly; on the contrary it gives indications of a remarkable tendency to increase and multiply. Daily I see sitting in the shade before her front door, opposite my hotel window, a portly dame, calmly engaged in kinting and musing while a crowd of youngsters play around her. She is a verifable motier in Israel, for her children, living and dead, number twenty-seven. Another of her fellow towns women has increased the census of Wijrttembürg by twenty-three, and mine host of the Old Fost rotel casually informs me that he is one of a little family of sixteen brothers and sisters. Here people grow old slowly. A man is still a boy at twenty-five, is still young at forty, and is only considered in his prime when he gets well on in the fifties. Their social life is sample but thoroughly enjoyable. I will not say that the average Neuenburger cannot dispose of his full share of wine or beer daily, for I have been a privilegel guest at their reunions, and have had therefore an opportunity for observation. But their good cheer is invariably tempered by moteration and never marred by excess. To strangers who evince a friendly disposition, their hospitality and warm-heartedness know no bounds. "A gold smit box, and the freedom of the city," metaphorically at least, await that visitor who comes to Neuenburg, and enters into friendly converse with the people whom he meets in the hotel or on the street during the first day or two of his stay. "When a stranger comes," said the Mayor to me, when I called to thank him for the kindness had experienced in Neuenburg, "we never make him the first activases. That is a sunbran peculiarity. But let him only speak the first word, and show us he is not acchamiche, and he is at once received with cordiality."

It is the custom in N add to their impressiveness and pathos, the man

us he is not hochmathe, and he is at once received with cordiality."

It is the custom in Neuenburg, on Thursday and Saturday evenings, for aparty of thirty or forty of the leading mee to assembly about a long table in the spacerus dining-room of the Old Post hestelry and then and there discuss the issue of the day, principally local ones, overfoaming alasses of beer, orgenerous triples of county wine. There is a presiding efficie, and a scribes, the duties of the latter being to preserve in a record-book the satires in verse occasionally read by some poetical member at the expense of some other. The Herr Praiceptor—the instructor of Latin to the youth of Neuenburg—presides. He is a versatile genus, causerve as occasion demands, and in each excels. It is only here in Germany, in fact, that one finds thus it al most any chance gathering such a degree of musical

and literary cultivation. Almost every man in the company either plays some musical instrument of has a trained voice. I found it so last summer in the Bavarian Tyrol, where of evenings I used to hear as many as three zithers played together in the public room of the inn by young men whom I had seen mowing the fields during the day-time. had seen mowing the fields during the day-time. I found it so again here in the Black Forest. The Mayor of Neuenbürg, for instance has both the ability and the good nature to furnish the little evening gatherings at the post with delightful solos on either the flute or the violin; the village schoolmaster sits down casually at the piano while everyone is talking and laughing, and plays one of those plaintive German songs, "In cinem Kühlen Grunde" so beautifully, that everyone stops to listen; and ever and anon the whole company breaks out into some jolly German student song, with a chorus solid and melodious enough to make even a Yale man clap his hands with delight.

IN ELDER WORLDS.

VII. BATHING IN THE GANGES.

There are several means of locomonon provided in Benares. You may drive through the streets in a bullock eart or be drawn by buffaloes-longnecked, ngly, black beasts, altogether unlike the lardly buffalo of the American prairie. There are camels galore, and there is a curious carriage called 'eka," very much like the Irish outside car, except that it is smaller and holds only two passengers, who sit on either side with their feet over the wheels. There is accommodation for resting one foot in an iron stirrup. It is usual to sit upon the other. These "ckas," drawn by stout little horses driven at high speed, seem to require long training and insensibility to early falls before becoming quite comfortable. We contented ourselves with the slower but safer " gharry " and drove to the Man-Mandil ghat, where we took boat, an overdecked to-pheavy structure rowed by four men with ears having the maximum of loom and the minimum of blade. In addition to the four men who rowed there was one who shouted a good deal and steered a little, and two who did nothing till we disembarked, when they asked for backsheesh.

It was 8 o'clock, an hour at which bathing is in full swing. All along the town side of the river ghAts (stone steps) run down into the water. Generally there is a temple at the top of the ghat. By the Sindhia ghát are two lofty turrets, which ap pear to be toppling to the ground. The foundations, built almost in the river, have sunk, and it is said are still sinking. The veil of a temple close by has been rent in twain, and some day there will be shricking and sudden death, when these massive turrets complete their destiny and fail with a grash among the crowd that is always encircling them on its way to and from the river. Lower down a palace once belonging to the Rajah of Gwallor has sunk nto the earth, only the rained and rootless walls of its upper stories uplifted from the temb. Where there are no temples of palaces, the shoping ground is taken advantage of for the carving out of grostesquefigurea of the gods. There is one of the brother of Vishan, his head and shoulders carved out in the yellow stone of the perpondicular rock, his body from the middle downward being repremented with legs apart. An inane, half-surprised look on his visage furthers the fancy that this is the representation of a dranken man, who has slipped down on his hannenes and doubts whether he will be able, unassisted, to get up.

The scene on the river's bank is a bustling one, Thousands of people, men and women, are coming and going by the steep stairways. Women with earthenware pots on their heads, red in color and lovely in shape, though they cost but a few pence, come for water for household purposes. Others bring their household washing to the marge of the beautiful river, and side by side with pilgrims from distant Madras or the far north a woman washes her skirts or scrubs her brazen vessels. But the great business is to bathe, to wash and be clean from impurities more grievous than those that come from household labor or journeyings by the wayside. On all the highways and railroads converging on Benares troops of pilgrims wend their way. Benares is their Mecen, the Ganges their Jordan. To behold the one and to wash in the other, ins been the daily dream and aspiration of their life. Many of them are very old, and to watch them tremblingly picking their way down the rough-hewn steps and engerly clutching at the cool water sugg sts the doubt whether they will live to mount the steps again. Doubtless many of them would be greatly content if death came to them here and now, and if life should vary its long un-kindness by suddenly quitting them whilst their eyes feasted on the flow of the Ganges and their weary limbs were laved in its cool waters.

It is hard for phlegmatic Englishmen to realize the sentiment with which the Hindoos regard the Ganges-Mother Ganga, as they fondly call it. It is part of their daily life to-day, as it was in days through which history stumbles with faltering step. To the Hindeo the stately river is daughter of King Himalaya and of his Queen, the air nymph Menaka. The icicle studded cavern at the base of a snow drift from which the river issues is the tangled hair of the god Siva. To cry "Ganga! Ganga!" 300 miles distant from the river is sufficient to wipe away many sins. To bathe in its waters, as blue and fresh when they pass Benares as when they first reach the plains, is eternal blisa. To spend six years in following the river a course from the Bay of Bengal to the Hinalayas and back again is to secure a place in the immortal, imperishable world sung of in the Rig-Veila, "where there is eternal life, where joy and pleasure reside, and where the sun is placed.

Life and death stand hand in hand on this consecrated ground. Cross by the most crowded ghat is a funeral pyre, so near that the bathers might reach out their hands to warm them at its dame. This fire is always burning, night and day, fresh fuel being brought hourly from the sity, which never seems to have one less in the bazaars because of these vocancies in households. When the bodies are burned out the ashes are thrown upon the Ganges, and the stream running inshore mingles portions of them with the bathers. From some of the ghats wooden stages are built out over the river, thus multiplying the accommodation for the worshippers. Here is an old man, his wrinkled face agrow with devotional feeling, on his kneess at the edge of the stage, hadding up the water with his hands and multiring incessant prayer. Close by is a tile, stalwart young brahmin going through the ritual with a rapid case that betokens long practice and no disinchination to get through with it as quickly as possible. Here is another Hrahmin up to his waist in water working his fists in an energetic fashion, which at a short distance looks as if he were wanting some one on the opposite bank to "come on and have it out" in good old English fashion. On closer inspection it is seen that he has a piece of string round his ueck, and that holding it out first with one hand and then with the other he is vigorously washing it. Here is a woman whose matrenty bigure is holdly outlined under he cotten drapery that clings to her as she comes up, wholly unlike Venus, from her third dop; a man close by scoons up the water in the pains of his joined hands and pours it out as if oftering a libation, torice repeating the ceremon, and crying aloud his petition to the Preserver.

There is wide variety of attitude and age, but all bound by the common bond of profound earnesting knee deep in the river in dampy cingmi cotton croths, with the morning air fresh from from bond of the shahes caring for the superfluous clothing of the bathers, and waiting to stamp their fercheads with the mark which testifies to du secrated ground. Close by the most crowded ghat is a funeral pyre, so near that the bathers might

medan dominance in the stronghold of flud standing out clear against the skr, that deepening in blue as the sun i HENRY W. LUCY.

SEVERE ON THE AMERICAN NAVY.

Said a gloomy man to his friend:
"I am overwhe mea win toothe. I'd throw myself into the wate, but I lose earage. If I'd a i'n unexpectedly and drown myself I'd be the happiest man in the world."

way don't you enlist as a sallor on an American man-of-worl?"

A WIDE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THEM.

"I have been going around ail day, and now I am tred "remarked in exhausted mother.
"You are not like a wheel, are you, may" asked Tommy.
"Way little boy!"
"You are then after you go around, but a wheel is tired before it, are any any."